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DISCIPLINE.

It may be interesting to many in all classes to learn a soldier's ideas upon what has become one of the burning questions of the day, namely Discipline—concerning, as it does, more especially that large portion of the community represented by the army. It is a well-known fact that military men are aggrieved by the short time allotted to practice and exercise; and even outsiders ask whether the period allowed is really sufficient for teaching men to skilfully use the rifle, to perform manœuvres, learn the use of the bayonet, &c. But even supposing the time be sufficient to teach the soldier just the strictly necessary expertness in these things, it would appear that it is too short to admit of his acquiring that all-important virtue—discipline. That is a difficult art, which requires ample time for its acquisition. In these days, military men naturally enough desire that a right understanding of what discipline means should exist among those sections of society not belonging to the army; for there exists undoubtedly a prejudice against it in certain non-military classes. This prejudice existing, it is clearly a soldier's duty to endeavour to dispel it.

When a recruiting officer travelling in outlying districts, meets an intelligent healthy labourer's son, with his head set upright on his shoulders, and a straightforward, open, truthful expression in his eyes, he says: 'You look as if you were the man to command others; if you would like to be a soldier, I can help you.' And the lad answers: 'Yes, I should like it very much; but there is one thing: there is such strict discipline, a fellow can't do as he likes; I have heard father and mother and friends all say so; and I won't go to be schooled.' The officer shows him that there are those above him to whom every young man is bound to yield obedience, and that in the military schools he will be well thought of, and treated justly. But it is useless—this stupid fear of restraint stands in the way. Let us therefore endeavour to show that this prejudice is unjust, and that discipline is a right, good, and useful

thing, of which every man has daily need, not only as a soldier, but in every station of life.

Discipline signifies instruction in the qualities of obedience, order, and diligence. There are various kinds of discipline, each bringing with it its own peculiar faculty of correction and education. By the discipline of war, the path to unconditional obedience is pointed out. Discipline in the individual is the quality of being submissive to the will of another, or of carrying out the command of another, even if the performance goes against one's own conviction and nature. Discipline in a detachment of soldiers is the connecting bond, the disposing power, bringing to each man the certain conviction that he must carry out the command given in every point, whether it be by word or by sign. Discipline brings the certainty that suffering must be gone through, trial be borne, great and heavy self-denial—even that which falls heaviest on the northern nations, the giving up to a certain extent of home and family—be exercised, and these without rebellion or murmuring.

As a mother often denies herself for her children's sake, so must the soldier, so long as he is a soldier, forego in a great measure the enjoyments of freedom, that in his military capacity he may keep up a useful apparatus for the maintenance and freedom of his country. He must make his personal independence a secondary consideration, to render himself more available for the great business that lies before him—that, namely, of assisting to defend in the hour of danger his country's holiest possession, its honour.

There is much talk about the sacrifices discipline entails; but is it, after all, such a very dreadful sacrifice to submit to those in authority over us? Let the answer be given by every right-feeling man who has been under the command of another. Is there not an especial and strong feeling of content in continually living for the performance of duty, such as the soldier under arms must feel? Is there not a noble, warm conviction nourished by the man who knows him-

self to be a part of a great military body, and a useful and disciplined member of the same, bringing his mite to its power and honour? A sound, pure, and bold nature feels proud and honoured thereby. The stronger this conviction of the necessity of discipline is among military men, the greater will be the unity of the army; and as unity is strength, it will draw from it its best powers. Nothing brings human beings closer together than strong rules, and hard work endured in common. Nowhere, therefore, do the love of fatherland and real true comradeship thrive better than in an army in which the true military spirit reigns, or in other words, where good discipline prevails. But if the bonds of discipline are weak, or are loosely held by those whose task it ought to be to brace and strengthen them, remissness and disorder will, as their certain consequences, bring disunion in time of peace, and dissolution, defeat, and dishonour in time of war.

It was said before, that discipline is not as a rule natural to man, and is therefore a quality which he must fight his way to. It is not a thing to be put on with the uniform; some time must pass before it becomes part and parcel of the man; how long a time, depends on his indwelling wish for obedience, on the behaviour of those in authority, and the circumstances under which he works. Danger mostly comes suddenly; and it may be he will have no time to accustom himself to the demands of a life of war, before it begins; he ought therefore to labour to do all that he can in time of peace to fill up the full measure of military education, to be ready for use afterwards. He should do his utmost to attain the spirit and soul of discipline, which will exert an improving influence both on his character and his nature. If every soldier, at all times, were so to fulfil his part, discipline would become the soul of every military body, and the bond of union held by the commander-in-chief would draw and unite each individual will in the army, until all became one.

Many believe that when danger comes, when the land is threatened, none of this acquired artificial discipline will be necessary; that individual qualities which all more or less possess, especially pride and courage, love of family, country, religion, and honour, will supply the lack. But this degree of trust should not be carried to excess; for when the sufferings and self-denials, the hunger and fatigue of field-life begin, when chiefs that are depended on, and comrades that are dear, have been taken away, and new, perhaps unknown ones supply their place, enthusiasm is apt to evaporate before the hard realities of the situation, and the man to be overcome little by little, unless the tough grip of discipline gives him strength to hold out against the monotonous sufferings of life during war. These are, in fact, much more trying than battle, with its moments of supreme and solemn exaltation. Love of country, enthusiasm, and pride, no doubt ennoble the soldier's mind, and support him in the fulfilment of duty; but these qualities are only useful when they work under the direction of discipline.

Discipline is as old as history. The ancient Greeks and, above all, the ancient Romans possessed the strongest discipline the world has ever known. It has been in all times and among all

nations; but its ruling power has sprung from very different causes. Among an uneducated people, it must be begun and kept up principally by punishment for dereliction, and the hope of reward for its observance. In a free and enlightened nation, where thought is deep, and general discipline can only be established by convincing all who wear their country's uniform, that however courageous, well found, and well commanded an army may be, and however highly educated its collected elements may appear, there is most certainly no hope of a favourable issue to a campaign, unless every man in the army upholds order and discipline in small things as well as great—unless, in fact, each man knows how to bring his own will, wishes, and ideas into complete subjection to the man above him. It has been said, that where a detachment is badly led, want of discipline may be excused; but one man's fault can never excuse another's. Even though it may at times unfortunately occur that an officer has but small gift of insight, and mean abilities, it is a thing that in no way concerns the obedience his subalterns owe him. He has authority, and that is sufficient. It is for them to obey, and obey with a good grace, for the sake of the authority with which he is clothed. It is his to command; it is theirs to honour, even although he may not understand how to fulfil his duty. This latter concerns those who appointed him; nor is it the subordinate's place to judge him.

Having spoken thus far of discipline in its connection with those who obey, let us now look at it in its connection with those who command. The maintenance of discipline implies very great responsibilities for the commander who is determined to enforce it in his detachment. It is much more convenient not to maintain it, more comfortable to let small things go, and the subaltern's slight offences to pass unnoticed. It is tiresome to speak out, and get only sour faces in return. No man cares to be called wrong-headed, testy, or trifling. But indifference leads to a dangerous pathway. The subaltern who begins by being displeased and giving saucy answers, will soon try something worse, and unless put at once in his proper military place, will be undisciplined in greater things, and work irreparable mischief. The best service is rendered both to him and to the cause of good order by taking heed of wrong-doing at once, and nipping it in the bud. The commander who desires to become popular and be called 'good-natured,' but who in reality is only weak and timid, seldom gains his end by neglecting to enforce discipline; nor can he obtain the real confidence of his men. But, on the other hand, the end will not be reached by always using hard words or by constant punishment and worry. The secret lies in the character of him who commands. Personal influence over the minds and wills and hearts of others, is a mighty power. Often it has its root in characteristics which are innate; but it can also be indefinitely developed by earnest self-searching, and patient study of the various phases of human nature.

No power or influence can be obtained over soldiers without a real kindly feeling towards them, and an impartial interest manifested for them both in and out of service. Time and labour must be spent for their improvement in

military service, and in their moral and bodily welfare. Let the officer remember the old rule, that he exists for the soldier's sake, not for his own. In the camp, he must be an example of courage, calmness, and superiority in every respect. On the march and under suffering, he must exhibit patience, endurance, and strength of mind. In his private life also he ought to show an example of order, trustworthiness, and good conduct, and in his whole character be upright, orderly, and unselfish. His character should command esteem, so that his subordinates may feel it an honour and pleasure to obey and work under his influence. His disposition ought to be open, free-spoken, and natural. Such a chief, who strongly and impartially sets up discipline in his command, will not only gain respect, but trust and devotion. The ranks have a quick eye for what is true and noble, and as a result, will unite themselves faithfully to the interests of such a man. He must also impress on his men the conviction that discipline is not only a thing to be carried out in his presence, but that it is a matter of conscience, and demands unequivocal assertion in the face of every undertaking, however new and untried. Last of all, every commander must show how he himself is under discipline, ready at every opportunity to set a good example in so serious a matter, and evincing due subordination to his superiors, even when their authority may happen to be but one day older.

With the changes brought by improved weapons of longer range into infantry tactics, discipline has become, if anything, more necessary to the soldier than ever. The more frequent changes in the lines of fire, and their increased length, take the individual farther from his superior's eye than in former times. He must obey an unseen chief, and this demands discipline all the more strict. It was remarked in the work of the German general staff regarding the Franco-German campaign, that the demand for discipline was far greater in our days; the war in question having made it evident that skirmishing tactics not only dissolved the army into small divisions, but mingled soldiers of many battalions together. Under such circumstances, a high degree of discipline was necessary to get the rank and file to obey the nearest officer—often a perfect stranger. The casualties of war having become greater, and the temptations to withdraw from danger stronger than in the days when the danger was less, the soldier's sense of discipline must now be fostered more carefully than before.

The opponents of discipline may ask: 'Is not discipline a pinching shoe on independence and self-reliance, a mere exclusive military institution invented by men greedy for power?' The answer must be: Ask the landed proprietor, the manufacturer, the engineer, or architect, who all have men to rule and direct; ask the civilian and the merchant with clerks and writers under them; the farmer who has labourers to pay; the tradesman who has apprentices and helpers on his premises; the schoolmaster with pupils; the fathers and mothers who have children to bring up—ask the head of a hospital or an orphan asylum, or any other institution; the captains of our ships, be they large or small—ask any man or woman in the community at large whose task it is to set others to work—if discipline can be set aside for

one moment in their relations with their subordinates? One and all will answer, No. Each will tell you it is the plaster and cement that keeps mutual labour from breaking up, little by little, into useless atoms—that it is this alone which allows the different parts of labour to grow into one strong efficient whole, bringing satisfactory results.

Discipline is therefore a delicate and costly plant; it must be watched with care if we wish it to grow and thrive; and put in a healthy soil, with one to tend and dress it in the person of a good commander, it will become a broad strong oak, able to face the fiercest storms. Discipline, to sum up all in a word, must in those who obey be grounded on self-government, and in those who command on self-abnegation; in both it must be rooted in a perfect fulfilment of duty.

THE FORTUNES OF BERTRAM OAKLEY.

CHAPTER XXIII.—ADRIFT.

THERE is something adventurous, exciting, something that braces the nerves and stirs the blood, in the very fact of setting out to seek one's fortunes, which is among the privileges that pertain to youth alone. In middle life, and still more as age comes stealing on, the memory of past failures may rob Hope of the radiant tints in which a youthful fancy loves to attire it; and the chill of repeated disappointments may prompt us to anticipate defeat, and perhaps to insure it, when boldness would have been the truer wisdom. Bertram, at anyrate, was young; and he felt so, as he stepped out eastwards, whither the noisy stream of traffic, gathering and growing in volume as it went, had already begun to flow. The day was a fine one, but bitterly cold. The iron-bound earth, and the aggressive wind that cut and stabbed as it darted around bleak corners, or howled through the hollow streets, seemed at cross-purposes with the pale bright sunshine that gave so small a modicum of warmth. There was stir enough in the City, and in those great arteries of human intercourse which lead to the antique capital of fabulous King Lud. To see the hurrying throngs, to hearken to the tramp of many feet, the hoarse hum and clamour of many voices, the roll and rumble of van and cart and carriage and ponderous wain, and then to lend credence to doleful newspaper reports as to the dead-lock of affairs, the collapse of trade, was a trial both to faith and reason. But Bertram had sense enough not to be too much encouraged by the bustle of London streets. There must always be a Babel, or babble of voices, always a rush and a roar, a trampling and a thunderous roll of wheels unnumbered, in the hugest city that the world has ever seen. And yet it was a bad season; which only meant that the poor and the weakly, the needy and the unfriended, would be thrust to the wall.

Bertram did his best, with a discretion beyond his years, in choosing the likeliest places where application should be made, to obtain employment. It seemed almost impossible that he should fail, willing as he was to serve, like Jacob, for cheap hire, and faithful as he knew himself to be. But nobody seemed to want him. The

times were really bad, the demand for labour really small, no doubt, as the papers had asserted, and, though those who were lucky enough to have a place might keep it, the enlistment of a new recruit seemed out of the question. Then, too, Bertram found how difficult it was, on such an errand as his, to deal with principals. The masters of each house of business might have been so many Oriental Pashas or Satraps, so difficult was it to obtain an interview. Most of the City-work seemed to be transacted by boys—boys of all ages, whiskered, moustached, or with faces beardless as a new-laid egg; but all with tight coats, neckties more or less brilliant, and breastpins of different degrees of gorgeousness. And these boys, whereof some were grave and polite, the majority rude and pert, were formidable buffers between their invisible employers and the tall, hungry-eyed young man who craved to be employed.

Bertram, as time wore on, became almost desperate. Wharfingers, down by the river, would have none of him. Nobody seemed to want a clerk, or an assistant, or a light-porter, in any shop, warehouse, or office. One old brewer, in a crooked lane of preposterous narrowness and mouldiness, dedicated to St Mildred, looked pityingly at the handsome, haggard youngster for whom he could find no niche among his vats and mash-tubs, and thrust his gouty fingers into the pocket of his drab trousers, meaning to give Bertram half-a-crown. But Bertram, by a quick retreat, escaped the proffer of the half-crown, though grateful for the kind word or two that had preceded its production. As a rule, people seemed too busy to attend to Bertram Oakley. He saw them, or a portion of them, rush out to luncheon at their City Bars, and absorb their sandwiches and stout with rough merriment, and go laughing back; but none of them would heed him—Bertram Oakley.

Bertram paced to and fro, beating his feet upon the pavement, in a side-lane leading to the river, and chafed his benumbed fingers, ere he proceeded to eat his own luncheon as best he might, still walking, for it was too cold to sit down on a door-step. His luncheon consisted of the lump of cake which the clear-starcher, late his fellow-lodger, had forced upon him at parting. It was not a fragment of wedding-cake, certainly, as we generally understand the composition of those splendid indigestibilities which figure in the middle of a bridal breakfast-table. But it was cake, heavy, substantial, sparingly ornamented with currants, and, as such, no despicable refreshment to one who had lately been on the shortest of commons.

Then Bertram resumed his quest. He was of a persevering nature, hard to discourage. Giving up the main streets, with their narrow-fronted glittering shops, he plunged into by-lanes and courts, still offering, and still in vain, to do honest work for low pay. Surely, in a great printing-office, where the click of the machinery was incessant, there must be a berth for him! Could he not be of use in yonder yard, whence the products of Ind and Kathay were being carted off with such regulated rapidity? Would his services be accepted by the law-stationer at the corner, who had probably deeds to engross, writings to copy? Alas, no!

When he tried farther afield, he fared, not worse, but as ill as before. He had left the golden heart of London now, and had passed Thames Street, and was among the unsavoury streets and lanes and yards that hem in the Julian Tower, as our classic-worshipping predecessors styled the Norman keep of William I., Duke and King. On he went, eastward, still eastward; but the electoral district of the Tower Hamlets could do no more for him than rich Cornhill, and plentiful Poultry, and auriferous Lombard Street, and Mark Lane and Mincing Lane and Capel Court, and the Aldersgate and the Bishopsgate and the Cripple-gate, had done. Nobody wanted Bertram Oakley. It was a dull, bad season for trade; but I suspect that if commerce had been at its zenith of prosperity, the result of Bertram's endeavours would have been practically the same. 'Nothing for you here, young man!' or, 'No; I thank you,' were the civillest forms of stereotyped denial.

It is pitiable to think, in this country of ours and this age of ours, when theoretical selfishness is hooted out of court, when philanthropy is so rife, how an honest and capable man—and still more, woman—may wander, famished and forlorn, vainly praying for a morsel of food and needful shelter in exchange for fair work. The spirit of suspicion rules everywhere, as it ruled in the hard, brutal, old times when ears were nailed to the pillory and vagrants flogged at the cart's tail. Bertram Oakley, as he nerved himself for each fresh application, to be met by a sour denial, felt as though he were a leper, to be scared and hounded away from the dwellings of men.

Still on, among the squalid rows of houses, each like each, of the East End, the young aspirant to fame and fortune pursued his weary way, diverging from the direct course whenever a busier scene of industry tempted him to make a fresh essay. Once, the manager or deputy-manager of a silk-mill hesitated whether or not to avail himself of the services of so exceptionally intelligent a volunteer. 'Business is slack with us though, and seldom too brisk!' said the man in authority, after chewing the cud of his resolution, as it were. 'If you'd worked in a silk-factory, you see, instead of a woollen mill, why, then, there might have been a chance of it. As it is, young man, I'm sorry; but couldn't take it on myself to engage you.'

The only other encouragement which Bertram received, if it deserved to be so called, was at a skin-dresser's place of business, where the hides of almost every sort of animal hung in evil-smelling profusion across the wooden gratings of huge black buildings, entirely composed of painted wood, and where the proprietor's wife, a bustling Dame Partlet of a woman, was busy with the account-books in a little glazed office, as wives so often are in France, and so seldom in Britain. There was something in Bertram's pallid, handsome face and gentle bearing which impressed this motherly dame in his favour, so that she called, not her husband, but her son. The son was a fat, beardless young man, six years Bertram's senior, and he stood, meditatively chewing a straw, his hands in his pockets, while the applicant stated his qualifications for employment.

'Never in our line, then?' was his comment on what he had heard.

Bertram pleaded that he was quick to learn,

would be satisfied with little, and asked for a trial.

'I can't think of a thing to offer you except the shilling hare-skins, to be sure; but you're above that,' said the fat youth, biting his straw.

'Yes, he's above that,' rejoined his mother decisively. But Bertram was so evidently perplexed, that a short explanation became necessary. The shilling, he was told, was not the price of the hare-skin, as he might have conjectured, but the remuneration of the person who, barefooted, should pass his day in standing in a cask, and treading down a pile of fresh skins in succession, to impart the required suppleness.

'Only Germans do that sort of job,' added the mistress of the establishment; 'and they, poor wretches, can't make a living out of it.'

And indeed Bertram, frugal as were his habits, did not see his way to existing on five or six shillings a week thus obtained, although he was told that fierce competition and unholy jealousies often raged among the miserable foreign candidates for even such a post as this.

'Stick a sharp nail, some of 'em will, on the sly, through the bottom of another chap's cask, just to lame him, and get some cousin or brother a chance to take his place,' explained the fat young man, chuckling. 'Those foreigners are always up to games of some sort.'

Leaving the skin-dresser's yard, Bertram presently sniffed the pungent odour of hot tar, and heard the sound of mallets beating with hollow dissonance on cask and keg in a cooper's hard by, while the sight of masts and rigging towering above the low red-tiled roofs warned him that he was nearing the Docks. Should he go to sea? Such a project would not be with him so chimerical as with many a landsman, in his present plight. He was, if not a sailor in the full sense of the word, at anyrate no greenhorn, could haul, reef, and steer, and had helped, in smack and coaster, to battle with wave and wind. But Bertram felt instinctively that to go to sea, though it might be an escape from starvation, would be to turn his back on all his hopes and day-dreams; so he struggled on. A new idea suggested itself. He remembered the personal kindness with which Mr Mervyn had received him months ago, at Black-wall, and determined to make one final effort, and to crave the great ship-builder for employment.

INDIAN ROBBERS.

ROBBERY on the largest scale ever known was carried on once in India under the system known as Thuggee. This was the most extraordinary system of crime the world has ever seen. Its operations extended over thousands of miles of country. Its victims would have populated many a small kingdom. It carried on crime under religious sanctions and with religious ceremonies; made theft holy, and murder sacred. It killed in a cold-blooded, ruthless, wholesale way. It held human life as of no account. It had no respect for weakness, age, or innocence. When a company of travellers—against whom its operations were chiefly directed—had come within its coil, it allowed none to escape. It slew all: the father and mother, the grandsire and the babe in

arms; man, woman, and child. It used no baleful drugs, no deadly weapon. It dealt out destruction by the simplest of all means—a handkerchief. Though the confederation numbered thousands of members, it carried on its work of robbery and slaughter undetected, if not unsuspected, for years, even under British rule. But when we did detect its existence, we terminated the same at once and effectually. We set to work to root it out, and did root it out. We delivered India completely from that great curse and terror.

Gang-robbery with violence was also very prevalent in India when we first conquered the country, and for some time after. This is known in India as *Dacoitee*, and in many parts of the country all robbers and thieves were once called *Dacoits*. *Dacoitee* is of two kinds. The first is the attack on a shop, warehouse, or private dwelling. This is not the same as burglary in England; for whereas the burglar enters secretly, and only resorts to force in the last extremity, the *Dacoitee* is an open attack by an armed body of men. There is no attempt to effect a quiet entry. The place is carried by open assault. If a closed door bars the way, it is simply burst open. The robbers are well armed, carrying swords and iron-shod clubs, and sometimes even matchlocks; and resistance tends to wounds and deaths. This flagrant and open breach of the law we have also suppressed, in great measure, though not altogether.

The attack is generally made on the house of a rich banker or the shop of a jeweller in some small town where the police force is not very strong, or on the house of the rich zemindar (landowner) of a village. One case of the latter kind, which occurred in a village at the time when I was encamped not far from it, was managed thus. The zemindar was reported to have a large sum of money buried in the house—a common way of keeping it in India, the house being built in the usual eastern fashion—namely, round a central courtyard, entry to which was gained through a massive gateway. The doors of the dwelling-place were all on the inside, toward the courtyard. The lower story was simply an open corridor or cloister, and was used for domestic offices and the stabling of cows and horses, and had no windows on the outside. To its full height, there was nothing without but a smooth surface of wall. The upper story, the dwelling-place proper, had windows on the outside; but these, as usual, were very small, and high up. When the massive gates were closed of an evening the house was in fact a fortification, with the household for a garrison, and entry was almost impossible.

The old zemindar and his two sons were seated in the gateway enjoying the cool evening air. Their two or three men-servants were busied about the house, inside and outside. It was just getting dusk, when there was heard on the road which passed through the village the usual cry of pilgrims proceeding to some sacred shrine: '*Bom bom Mahadeo*' (Great great is Mahadeo), and '*Gunga mai ki jye*' (Victory to Mother Ganges). And now

the first pilgrim of the company came in sight. There was nothing suspicious in his appearance. He looked a simple pilgrim, and was barefooted; in one hand he carried his shoes; with the other he steadied the long bamboo pole which rested on one shoulder, and from each end of which hung the wicker-work baskets which hold the bottles, or rather flasks, in which water is carried from the sacred rivers to some far-distant shrine. He stopped in front of the old zemindar. 'How far is it, father, to the next good well by the roadside? for there we mean to rest for the night.'

'Two miles, my son,' replied the old man.

'The water in the well is good?'

'It is.'

'And the grove near it is a good one to sleep in?'

'Yes.'

'Perchance there is a *bunya's* [grain-dealer's] shop near it where we could get some flour?'

'No; there is not.'

'Then how far is the next well and resting-place?'

'Two miles more.'

'And is the water in that well good?'

'Thou askest many questions,' said the old man.

But the purpose of the questioning had been gained: the seeming pilgrims had been moving in single file; it had given them time to come up and form a group. Some of them had put down their poles and baskets as if to rest themselves. But now the baskets were slipped off, the staves taken in hand, and a rush made on the old man and his sons and servants, who were soon overpowered, and the robbers in possession of the house, while some kept guard outside. They carried no arms, so as to avoid suspicion after the robbery as well as before it. But a heavy 'male' bamboo club is a formidable weapon. Torture was soon applied to the old man to make him reveal where his treasure was buried. Two little grandchildren, a boy and a girl, were seized, and the heavy clubs held over their heads with a threat of dashing their brains out if the old man did not confess speedily. He did so. The rupees were dug up and distributed among the band, whereupon the robbers moved off, and kept together until they got clear of the village, when they separated, going across country singly or by twos and threes; and by the time the police arrived from the nearest station, they had a good two hours' start.

The second kind of Dacoitee is robbery on the highway. Here the gang of robbers attacks a party of travellers, robs carts conveying goods, and sometimes stops and plunders the mail-cart.

A trader was going from one town to another with a good deal of money and some valuable goods. He had with him two carts and two servants. As he was moving along a frequented highway, he deemed himself safe from all danger. But one evening, in a somewhat infrequented spot, a gang of robbers, having the semblance of fellow-travellers, suddenly set on him and his servants, overpowered them, gagged and bound them, and then taking them off the road, left them in a piece of scrub, where it was not likely they would be discovered until next morning. One of the robbers then dressed himself in the trader's clothes—almost every occupation in India

has a special dress—and assumed his part. Two others acted as his servants. They got into another and more frequented road, along which police stations were established at short intervals. Going up to the first one, the sham trader represented that he was most anxious to push on that night; that he had a good deal of valuable property with him; that he thought some robbers had got wind of this, and asked that he might have a policeman to escort him from one station to another. And so the police actually escorted the robbers with their booty to a large town at some distance off, reaching which, they soon disposed of the carts and all their contents.

Cattle-lifting is a form of robbery very prevalent in some parts of India, more especially in the neighbourhood of woods and forests, into which the stolen cattle can be driven. It prevails in the country lying between the Ganges and the Jumna, as the forest tract at the foot of the Himalaya affords the needful hiding-ground. A pair of stolen bullocks will be driven to this forest from the village where they were lifted, twenty-five or thirty miles off, in the course of the night.

The ordinary forms of robbery, simple theft from the house or person, done secretly and not openly, and where craft takes the place of force, are of course the most common. Here everything depends on quietness of movement and sleight-of-hand, in both of which, the Indian thief has attained great perfection. These come more natural to him, with his lithic body and subtler brain, than to the English thief, with his stronger and heavier body, duller and coarser mind. Then he is accustomed to go barefoot. His tread is habitually light, and not heavy, like that of the heavily shod Englishman. His limbs are naturally supple, and are made more so by the use of unguents, which enable him to roll himself up into a marvellously small space.

The delicious coolness of the night has succeeded the fierce heat of a day in May. The moonlight makes a mimic day; but how soft is its light, however bright, compared with the sunlight of a few hours before! A party of travellers having cooked and eaten their frugal evening meal, have now spread their carpets and quilts on the ground in the mango grove, and laid themselves down to sleep. All is now silent, save when the jackals rend the air with their horrid cries. A jackal gives a yelp on one side of the grove; another answers with a howl from the other side. These are not jackals, but confederate thieves, one of whom enters the grove at the end farthest from where the sleeping travellers lie. On his stomach he steals quietly along from one tree to another. Some leaves rustle; a traveller calls out; whereupon the stealthy one coils himself into a heap and lies dead-still, and will so lie for half an hour or more, if necessary. A 'jackal' howls quite near the grove, as if it had just crossed it and rustled the leaves. The thief drags himself along the ground again. At length he has reached the head of the sleeping row of travellers. He passes his hand quietly under the pillows. This fat man is the rich man of the party; that bundle which he uses as a pillow, probably contains something valuable. The dusky thief removes it gently without waking the snoring sleeper. He next makes this other man

turn over on his pillow by gentle touches on the face; and having got what he wanted, creeps gently away. One of the extemporised jackals gives a bark here, the other a short howl there; and the two thieves meet and decamp together.

When out for the night, the thieves strip themselves of all their clothing except a short tight loin-cloth, and smear themselves with oil, so as to be able to slip out of the grasp of any one seizing them. They seldom carry arms, in the ordinary sense, but strap a couple of light spear-heads to each fore-arm, with the points projecting beyond the elbows, with a backward stroke of which, they can give a severe if not deadly wound to any one trying to seize them. Generally, however, they carry a small sharp knife.

The houses of many of even the well-to-do natives have mud walls only, through which the thieves dig a hole to effect an entry. This requires long, quiet, and patient work. A great number of the Indian stories about robbers turn on this mode of proceeding: how one woman, alone in the house with her children, waited quietly until the thief put his head in through the hole, and killed him with a blow of an axe; how another waited with a rope in her hand, and the thief this time putting his heels in first, she tied his ankles quickly together and took him prisoner; but when the neighbours appeared, they found only a headless trunk.

English people in India are seldom robbed, though for half the year the doors of the bungalows in which they live are left wide open, for the sake of coolness, all night long. The chief reason is that the articles in the house are so different from those in use among the natives themselves, that the attempt to dispose of them would at once attract suspicion. A thief in India trying to sell a spoon or fork, would be like an English thief trying to dispose of an altar-cloth or rare gem. Another reason is, that every householder keeps a *chokedar* or private watchman, though it is not the personal prowess or vigilance of this often very aged man that protects you—he himself being a thief by caste or profession, and his salary forming the black-mail you pay the confraternity. Dogs, of which most Englishmen keep many, are also a source of protection. The native thief with his bare legs is especially afraid of them. A good many robberies, however, take place when people are marching about the country during the cold weather. It is so easy to enter a tent, either by creeping under the canvas or by making a slit in it; and this reminds me of a case in which one of these thieves showed a great knowledge of psychology. A lady and her husband were asleep in their tent; the lady was disturbed by a noise, and saw by the light of the lamp which hung from the tent-pole, that a thief was gliding about making up a bundle of things that he thought would suit him. This bundle he had placed on a table which stood not far from the bed. As he glided up to the table to add another article to the mass, his eyes and those of the lady met. She had half opened her mouth, in order to scream and awaken her husband, when the man made one long step to the side of the bed and simply made a pass with his hand over the lady's face. She was at once paralysed for several minutes; the man kept his eyes fixed on hers while he

gathered up his bundle of things; then just as the long-delayed scream burst from her lips, he dived under the curtain of the tent and disappeared.

MY UNFORTUNATE PATIENT.

FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A LONDON DOCTOR.

CONCLUSION.

I CALLED at my usual time, perhaps a little earlier, on the following day, and was received by Mrs Meredith in the large drawing-room in the most chilling way imaginable. I could scarcely recognise in the arrogant, insolent woman before me, the soft-voiced rather nervous Mrs Meredith who had hitherto received me so graciously, and seemed to hang so anxiously upon my opinions respecting the invalid.

'I heard you were here last night,' quoth she. 'May I inquire for what reason?'

'A most natural one,' I returned. 'I felt anxious about your husband, and nothing could have been more fortunate for him than my visit.'

'That is quite a matter of opinion, Doctor Darrell. I was myself both surprised and displeased when I heard that you had actually taken it upon yourself—had the presumption to give orders—contrary to mine.'

'I think you must be under a mistake, Mrs Meredith,' I said. 'I found my patient in such a condition, and in the charge of such people, that I simply did what I considered right, and what you yourself would have approved of. I found Mr Meredith in a state of nervous tremor which was sufficient to inflict serious injury upon him in his weak and, I must say, unaccountable condition. I am not satisfied at all with the progress he has made; and I must request that you will allow me to have a consultation with one of our leading physicians—you can choose, of course, which you prefer—and also that Mr Meredith has a proper attendant. The idea of his being intrusted to the men I saw here last night is not to be countenanced for one moment. It is enough to kill him.—Has he had a good night? I should like to see him.'

'I do not choose that you should see him again,' she answered. 'I consider that you have very far exceeded your duty; and I must have a doctor who knows his place and keeps it. You do not suit me, Mr Darrell; and I shall discharge my obligations to you as soon as you send in your bill.—Good-morning;' and she glided off with a haughty gesture into the inner drawing-room, where, ensconced in an easy-chair, was her cousin Mr Henry Stretton.

Of course, after such a dismissal I could not attempt to see Mr Meredith; but the veil was pretty effectually withdrawn from my eyes. I saw that my patient had only one chance for his life—that was through the prompt interference of his sister, Mrs Royston.

Do what I liked, I could not get the idea out of my head that he was being secretly poisoned. Something must have been administered to produce this overwhelming weakness, this childish sensibility. I could hardly believe it was the same beaming, stalwart, young fellow I had seen leading his lovely bride out of St George's. I came to the resolution, therefore, that if Mrs

Royston was unable to get her brother removed from the house in which he now lay, I should at once place the matter before a magistrate.

That same evening I had a telegram from Mrs Royston, and next morning she came. I found her to be a most taking, kindly, sensible person; and most genuinely anxious and distressed about her brother. Her husband was an invalid, she said, and unable to accompany her; but she had come at once, being all anxiety to hear what I had to communicate.

'I knew it must be about my brother,' she continued. 'I have written again and again to him, but received no answer; and as I am not on good terms with his wife, of course I could not go to see him.'

'You ought to go now,' I replied, 'and insist upon seeing him. He is very, very ill.' And then I proceeded to tell her of my evening visit, and of his entreaty that I should write to her. Here she burst into tears. I did not think it prudent, however, to say anything to her at this time as to the suspicions of poisoning which I had begun to entertain. But I spoke to her of my subsequent dismissal by Mrs Meredith.

'It is just what she would do,' said Mrs Royston, struggling hard to regain her composure. 'She forced a quarrel upon me directly she was married, and has latterly quite succeeded in estranging my brother and myself. She was a Miss Delacour when he met her, and lived with an aunt, a Mrs Stretton. Clarice was an orphan, and very poor. I heard she was engaged to Mrs Stretton's son; but when my brother came upon the scene, she threw young Stretton over, and married him. Poor Montagu was perfectly infatuated about her; but I soon saw his marriage had not turned out happily.'

'Has she handsome settlements?' I asked.

'O yes; two thousand a year as his widow. But I understand she has since got him to make another will leaving her everything he is possessed of, unconditionally.'

'And this Mr Stretton whom I have seen living at the house?—'

'Is the son of her aunt Mrs Stretton, whom she threw over for my brother. He was educated to follow your own profession,' she added, 'and was considered skilful and clever; but his vicious and unprincipled conduct formed an insuperable barrier to his success, and I believe for the last year he has hung about my brother's house, and of late, I am told, has quite taken up his abode there.'

'You are quite sure about his being a doctor?' I said.

'Quite sure,' was the reply.

Here was the key to it all, I thought.

'Well, Mrs Royston,' I said, 'if you will take my advice, you will simply drive straight from here to Grosvenor Gardens, and insist upon seeing your brother. If you are refused, I would advise you to consult your solicitor how to proceed; only, do not delay.—Will you pardon me if I ask you a question respecting your family?'

'Certainly,' said she. 'Anything you like.'

'Is there hereditary insanity on either side?'

'Insanity?' she exclaimed. 'No. Certainly not. I never heard of a single member of our family on either side having such a thing.'

I inwardly trembled still more for Mr Mere-

dith; but Mrs Royston was eager to set off to see him, and I was hardly less anxious to see her go.

She returned late in the afternoon, to tell me she had gone straight there, and that on asking for Mr Meredith, there had been a long parley and delay; finally, the butler informed her that Mr Meredith was too unwell to see her. She said she must see him. He was her brother; and if it were only for a few minutes, she insisted upon being admitted. But an order came down to say Mrs Meredith would not permit any one to enter the house. She then drove to Mr Meredith's own solicitor, who was unfortunately out of town; however, his partner received her, and listened with great kindness and attention to her story, while she referred him to me for the condition of her brother.

'What can I do?' she asked. 'How can I insist upon seeing him?'

'I fear you cannot insist,' said he, 'unless you have sufficient grounds to allege that something unfair is going on. You must be very careful; and remember that the wife is all-powerful as regards the personal custody of her husband. I would recommend you to write to her,' he continued, 'and request an interview.'

Mrs Royston was terribly disappointed. She felt sure a letter would be of no use; but she wrote it, and sent it by a messenger, who was to wait for an answer. He returned, however, without a line, Mrs Meredith's footman having come down-stairs with a message to say there was no answer required.

'What am I to do, Mr Darrell?' she indignantly exclaimed. 'How can I rescue my brother?'

'I wish I knew,' I replied, boiling with indignation at the whole affair.

'I will go back again,' said she, 'and I will tell them that if I am not admitted to see my brother, I will apply to a magistrate.'

It was late in the afternoon now, and quite dark; but Mrs Royston was too anxious about Mr Meredith to think of herself. She had brought her maid with her, so, under that protection, I once more saw her off. She did not return until nearly eight o'clock, and was shown into my consulting-room, looking the very image of disappointment and despair.

'O Mr Darrell,' she cried, 'I need not apologise for coming back to you. I am in such distress. I have telegraphed for my brother-in-law, Charles Royston, to come up at once to me. My brother has been taken away from Grosvenor Gardens; they are all gone; and the servants declare they know nothing beyond the fact that the invalid was removed this afternoon—Mrs Meredith and Mr Stretton leaving at a later hour. Where can they have taken him to?'

'They have taken him to a lunatic asylum,' I said mentally. 'It will be safer for them if he dies there.' But I could not add to poor Mrs Royston's distress further than to urge upon her the necessity for immediate action. I was ready to come forward to prove the state he was in—the utter prostration, which ought to have precluded all attempts to move him; his anxiety to see his sister; and my own conviction that he was not being fairly or properly treated.

The next day, I had a long interview with Mr Charles Royston. He enlightened me still further respecting Mrs Meredith and her cousin; and

taking everything into consideration, we came to the determination that something must be done, and done quickly.

Of course, I did not accompany them to their solicitor's; but I heard his opinion was, that they were unnecessarily anxious, and he reminded Mrs Royston that, according to law, the wife was not to be lightly interfered with.

However, circumstances favoured us. I happened to be driving past Grosvenor Gardens, when at a crossing I caught sight of the housekeeper into whose hands I had intrusted Mr Meredith on the last occasion when I had seen him. Quick as thought, I pulled the check-string, and jumped out. Perhaps she owed a grudge to Mrs Meredith; perhaps she had a feeling of pity for her unfortunate master; perhaps the half-sovereign I slipped into her hand had a softening effect. I did not care what it was, so long as she *was* softened. I came to my point pretty quickly. I wanted to know where her master was.

'Well, sir, there's no doubt where he is, though we servants are not supposed to know. He is at H—; naming a private lunatic asylum. 'Poor gentleman, we all said it was a shame! But after you left, Mr Stretton he went off and brings in two doctors; and the thing was settled soon enough. My mistress saw them first; and then they went up-stairs to see the master; and then Robson and Jones—the two men you saw in the dressing-room—got their orders to dress Mr Meredith as well as they could; and he was driven away. They carried him into the carriage.'

'And did Mrs Meredith go with them?'

'O no, sir. She is off somewhere else. It was Robson let out to me where the master was going; and I'm sure I hope I won't get into trouble for telling you, sir. I hope it won't go no farther.'

'You need not be afraid,' I said. 'I will promise that Mrs Royston will hold you harmless. But in the cause of humanity, you must give us all the assistance you can in order to release Mr Meredith.'

'Release him, sir! We can't interfere. If his wife puts him in, no one can take him out. Robson told me that much.'

'I think Robson was wrong,' I replied. 'But tell me your name; and also promise you will find out at once for me where Mrs Meredith is.'

'Forrest is my name, sir—Mrs Forrest. And I may as well tell you where my mistress is. She went down to Brighton.'

'Well, good-day to you for the present, Mrs Forrest. Here is my direction. But you will probably hear from me shortly.' And I drove off, tingling all over with mingled anxiety and indignation.

As may be surmised, I lost not a moment in communicating my information to Mr Charles Royston, who, happily for his sister-in-law and Mr Meredith, was a man of energy and decision, as well as prudent and far-seeing. He soon settled upon a course of action. It was useless to go to the asylum and demand Mr Meredith; useless to apply to magistrates until another course had failed; and beyond all, it was useless to delay a day or an hour, when the sands of the unhappy patient's life were swiftly ebbing away. Accompanied by his solicitor, he went to Grosvenor

Gardens, and there summoned all the servants together and briefly stated his case.

Like most evil-doers, Mrs Meredith had betrayed herself; and at the first movement in favour of their master, the servants one after another gave testimony against her. Before he left the house, Mr Royston had amply sufficient grounds for believing that he would succeed in getting the guardianship of Mr Meredith taken out of her hands. The next morning, he started for Brighton, and surprised Mrs Meredith, not altogether pleasantly, in the middle of a sumptuous breakfast, to which she and Mr Stretton were apparently doing ample justice.

At first, she treated Mr Royston very much as she had treated me, with arrogant insolence, in which Mr Stretton supported her; but they found that their visitor meant business. He was very quiet and very cool, and kept to his point with steady persistence. He began by asking her upon what grounds she had prevented Mrs Royston from seeing her brother; and Mrs Meredith, who did not dream how much was known, replied defiantly: 'Simply because I do not choose that she should see him.'

'And is it simply because you choose, that Montagu Meredith is now at H—, the sane inmate of a lunatic asylum? Now, we shall understand each other,' he continued. 'I have come here because I know *everything*—because I hold evidence that will take Mr Meredith out of your power for ever. Your servants have come forward—your secrets are known—and I hold a power over you both,' turning towards Mr Stretton, who paled visibly. 'But for Meredith's sake, we want no unnecessary disclosures in public. If he lives, you have less to fear. If he dies, the law will decide. In the meantime, before I leave this room, you must give me a written authority to authorise me to withdraw Mr Meredith from H—, and to place him under the care of his sister. That is all I ask at present.'

And he got it. He came back in triumph; and I accompanied Mrs Royston and himself down to H—, where we found Mr Meredith still alive, and keenly conscious of his terrible and, what he had fancied, hopeless situation.

He wept like a child in his sister's arms, clung to her in tremulous terror, and besought her never to leave him, not to let him die there. She was deeply affected, but restrained herself nobly, while we settled matters with the doctor there, who had received the patient at the request of his wife, and on the verdict of two other medical men. These signatures being sufficient to incarcerate the sanest, the asylum doctor was free from all blame in the matter, and Mr Meredith had been subjected to no unkind treatment at his hands. But in his enfeebled state—to be watched day and night by an attendant, treated as a lunatic, separated from all his friends, and feeling himself in an asylum, was enough—more than enough to drive him into actual madness.

Whether my suspicions relative to secret poisoning were correct or not, they were greatly strengthened and confirmed by the tidings that Mrs Meredith and her cousin had vanished, taking her jewel-case and a large sum of money with them. They had been careful, before leaving Grosvenor Gardens, to remove or destroy everything that might lead to detection on the score of

poisoning, though my after-acquaintance with the patient and his symptoms was sufficient to convince me that his life had been assailed, and that in the subtlest way possible, by poisons such as only one skilled in medicine could administer. Stretton, in my mind, was doubtless the accomplice of the woman in this piece of villainy; but as the pair had by this time both got clear off to the continent, it was in vain to seek to bring them back. Nor, in truth, did Mr Meredith desire this.

After his release, the patient was taken to Manor End—there to struggle back through a painful convalescence into health again. For months and months, he wavered between life and death; but his naturally strong constitution asserted itself at last. He recovered—never to be quite the same man again, but strong enough to look forward to enjoying life once more. His first act was to free himself of all tie to his wife. And this, which to me might have been otherwise an unpleasant consequence of my interference between them, was rendered less unpleasant by the reflection that I had assisted in saving the husband's life, and prevented what might have resulted in a terrible crime on the part of his wife. Of the subsequent career of the guilty pair, no intelligence has ever reached me.

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT IN MEDICINE.

WE have by this time heard of the employment of the electric light in many and various ways. It has been used for boring tunnels, working mines, and photographing dark interiors, and at the siege of Paris it was thrown upon the enemy's works at night. Everybody almost is now acquainted with it as occasionally employed in our streets and in large buildings. We are going to describe a use of it which is probably not so familiar to our readers.

Perhaps none of the sciences has benefited more than medicine by the great advances of recent physical investigation, and by the perfection and accuracy with which delicate instruments of all kinds can now be constructed. The development of chemistry, physics, and physiology has in a great degree revolutionised the healing art. Formerly there was a great deal of empiricism, a great reliance upon formulæ, and much semi-philosophic guesswork. With contemporary medicine, on the other hand, 'seeing is believing,' and many are the instruments for better seeing—that is, for better diagnosis of disease—which the recent inventions of science have made ready to the hand of the modern practitioner. Dissection and anatomy form of course a large part of the education of every student of medicine. But numerous instruments, such as ophthalmoscopes, laryngoscopes, &c. have been devised for viewing many interior parts of the *living* body.

The principle upon which these instruments are constructed is similar in all cases. Light, either daylight, or light from some artificial source, is collected and reflected upon the part to be examined. Who is not familiar with the primitive type of all these instruments, the bright silver spoon which the doctor put unpleasantly far into our mouth that time we had such a bad sore throat? Various and numerous are the degrees of medico-optical instruments, from this primitive reflector to the complex and ingenious appliances

which enable the man of medicine to see far into the throat, into the eye and the ear, and even into the stomach; in fact, wherever the interior parts of the human frame are accessible, ingenious instruments have been invented to make them visible. Sometimes light is thrown direct into the interior of the organism, at others it is introduced by means of reflection. To such perfection have these instruments been brought, that the various organs for which they are used can be seen almost as distinctly as if they were laid entirely open to view.

Ordinary oil lamps, candles, and gas have generally formed the sources of light used. In some cases, the brilliant light of the magnesium wire has been employed; but this is far too powerful a light for the human eye to support, though it can be used with advantage in diagnosing the throat, the ear, or indeed any part except the eye, the only organ sensitive to light. By the aid of the magnesium light and properly adopted lenses and mirrors, the interior of a rabbit's eye has been photographed, after the animal had been atrophied so as to be insensible to strong light. The magnesium light, however, in common with other sources of artificial light, has the inconvenience of considerable heat and smoke. The electric light, on the contrary, gives off no smoke, and the heat, though great at the luminous point, is confined to such a minute space that it is not practically inconvenient.

Many inventions, if not carried immediately into practice, get to be considered as useless or impracticable. This seems to have been the case with an invention for introducing the electric light into the human stomach for purposes of diagnosis. It is now many years ago since Bruck, a dentist at Breslau, was struck by the idea that it would be quite possible to illuminate the human stomach. An ingenious instrument-maker of Paris, M. Gustave Trouvé, took up the idea, and gave it tangible reality in the form of the very interesting but simple apparatus which we are about to describe, and which though constructed long ago, was only brought into general notice at the meeting of medical men and scientists at Baden-Baden in 1879. Hitherto, the reflected light of the sun or of lamps has been chiefly used to light up the accessible cavities of the body for diagnosis. Now, however, it is possible to light up these parts by the direct introduction of the electric light itself, which, with proper arrangements, gives intense light without an inconvenient degree of heat. A small piece of flattened platinum is welded on to the wires which convey the electric current; and whenever a strong and even current of electricity is made to pass along the wires and traverse the platinum, the metal glows into a white-heat of intense brilliance.

To obtain this high degree of light from the platinum, however, requires a very strong electric current, and a very powerful battery, an apparatus which every medical man by no means possesses, and which, if he did, could hardly be transported to the houses of patients, often at a distance. To meet this difficulty, the French inventor whom we have mentioned, in collaboration with the physicist Planté, has hit upon a very ingenious contrivance. This is a small 'holder,' by means of which it is possible to store up a large quantity of electricity in such a portable form that it may

be carried about by a medical man on his visits, to be used not only for the purposes of diagnosis by internal illumination, but also for other uses which modern medicine has found for electricity, especially in numerous affections of the nerves.

The holder is very simple. It consists of a wooden case which incloses a hermetically sealed glass cylinder. In this glass vessel are two coils of thin lead laminae, which are kept separate from each other by small pieces of wood, and are immersed in water acidified with sulphuric acid, which almost fills the cylinder. An electric current is allowed to act upon the lead plates for several hours. This decomposes the acidified water into its components, hydrogen and oxygen. The first of these attaches itself to one of the lead plates, and the oxygen combines with the second lead plate, making a super-oxide of lead, the formation of which continues so long as the electric current plays. After several hours' action, if the current is interrupted, it is found that the lead plates have amassed an immense quantity of galvanic electricity. This convenient little apparatus may be carried to wherever a supply of electricity is wanted for medical or other purposes. A piece of platinum has only to be connected with wires coming from the lead plates to afford a light amply sufficient for the purpose of diagnosis. The holder has been named by its contriver the *Polyscope*. It is further furnished with a magnetic indicator for showing the strength of the current, and a regulator for raising or decreasing it.

The wires proceeding from the polyscope may be used in many ways where electricity is wanted. One of the most common is to pass them up through the handle of tiny concave mirrors; the platinum is placed in the focus of the mirror, so that when the platinum glows, a brilliant stream of light is thrown out, and can be turned by a person holding the mirror in any direction. These little mirrors are used to examine the mouth or other cavities of the body, where the daylight, however skillfully caught and reflected, is insufficient for complete illumination of the part. It is possible also to illuminate the stomach; and this has been done. A tube is let down the œsophagus; the positive and negative wires are introduced, connected by the platinum, which can be made to glow at pleasure by turning on the electric current. The tissues of the human body are comparatively translucent, and when thus lighted from within, in a dark room, the internal organisation, it is said, is distinctly visible. By means of this instrument, which is termed a *gastroscope*, the interior of the stomach itself may also be directly seen. At the extremity of the tube is fitted a glass receptacle, inside which glows the incandescent platinum, thus forming a diminutive lantern, which illuminates the walls of the stomach. From these the light is received back again through what we may call a window slightly higher up in the tube, and falling upon a prism or a mirror, is deflected vertically upwards along the tube, where it passes through several lenses until it reaches the bend at the throat. Here again, by means of prisms, it is refracted into the horizontal direction, and reaching the eye-piece, conveys a distinct image of a small portion of the surface of the stomach to the eye of the diagnoser. Any rise of temperature is prevented by constructing the glass end of the

apparatus double, and keeping the space between the two glasses filled with a constant supply of fresh cold water, by means of two very small caoutchouc pipes inclosed in the main tube. A further improvement should also be mentioned. By the agency of a tiny wheel with teeth playing into a notched ring round the interior of the tube, and moved by a fine silk cord, the lower part of the apparatus may be turned round in such a way as to bring different parts of the stomach successively into view, without the necessity of withdrawing the instrument for readjustment each time.

Though as yet but little known, these instruments have been put to the test of practical use, and have been patented by Herr Leiter, of Vienna, by whom their construction has recently been brought to great perfection. After the care, ingenuity, and expense which have been lavished upon their elaboration, we can scarcely doubt that they will come in time to form part of the recognised stock of medical and surgical instruments.

A NIGHT IN THE FORE-TOP.

THE loss of the *Indian Chief* on the Long Sand, at the beginning of the present year, and the sufferings of her crew, created a large amount of interest throughout the length and breadth of the land. The following narrative of the incidents as they occurred, is no fiction, but has been derived chiefly from the account given to the writer by one of the most intelligent of the seamen who survived.

'You want me to tell you how we got wrecked on the Long Sand?' said my narrator. 'Well, sir, I'll try. I shipped as able seaman for a voyage to Yokohama; and I joined my ship at Middlesborough. The *Indian Chief* was a full-rigged ship of nearly thirteen hundred tons. A better manned craft never sailed; there were twenty-eight hands all told. The captain was a good man, a seaman and a gentleman; and my shipmates were as steady a lot of fellows and as good seamen as I ever came across. The two mates were fine men and good officers; and altogether things looked well for a pleasant and a prosperous voyage. We sailed from the Tees on Sunday morning; and all went well with us till the middle watch on Wednesday night. It is true that some of the gear worked heavily, and having a large quantity of iron on board, the ship was not very lively in stays; but for all that, she was a fine craft, and if she had had fair-play, she would never have served us the trick she did. I was in the starboard or second-mate's watch; and on the night in question, we came on deck at twelve o'clock. It had been a tolerably fine night when we went below at eight o'clock; but in the meantime, the weather had altered considerably for the worse; the wind, which was north-east, had increased, and was blowing a stiff breeze; the sky looked black and angry; and there was a good deal of mist about. We were under easy canvas, three topsails, top-gallant-sails, spanker, and forecourse; the mainsail was not stowed, but hung in the buntlines.

'The captain kept the deck; I fancy he had not much confidence in the pilot, who, let it be understood, had command of the ship for the

time-being; and before Mr Lloyd, the mate, went below, a long consultation was held. The upshot of this seemed to be that the pilot was advised to shorten sail and make everything snug. However, he did not seem to agree with this. When we had been on deck about an hour, several lights hove in sight; and I could see that the captain was very anxious about the ship's position. I heard him caution the pilot about the set of the tide, saying, that the flood would be sure to suck us in towards the mouth of the Thames. As the night grew, the wind drew more to the eastward, and we had to brace up the yards a little; but the wind was still free, and she laid her course south-south-west. About four bells we clewed up the top-gallant-sails; and the hands were just going aloft to stow them, when a squall struck us, and we were all aback. All hands were called, and the port-watch came tumbling up, some of them only half-dressed. We tried to box her off; but it was too late; and we had to shiver the cross-jack yards, and let her go off on the other tack.

"We were now on the starboard tack, heading for the Knock—so the pilot said; but she did not seem to make much of a lay of it, for I could see by our wake that she was bagging bodily to leeward. The pilot saw this too, for we had not been long on this tack when he sang out, "Ready about!"

"She did not come to very quickly; and when she got head to the wind, she came to a dead stop, and then began to fall off; so we had to put the helm up, and board the fore-tack again. After letting her get good head-way, we tried her again; but it was no use, and we had to wear her. We made two more tacks after this; in short, no sooner had we belayed the braces, than it was "Ready about!" again. The last time, as soon as we had braced up and trimmed the head-sheet, the foresail began thundering and flapping in a way that threatened to take the mast out of her.

"Board that fore-tack!" shouted the pilot.

"Fore-tack unhooked, sir," was answered back from the forecastle.

"Clew up the sail then, and see if you can hook it again."

"Before we could accomplish this somewhat difficult operation, the pilot again hailed us.

"Are you ready with that foresail?" he sang out.

"No, sir," answered the mate.

"Well, then, let them lay down sharply; we must try her without it."

"Almost before we could get down on deck, it was "Helm's a-lee!" and the ship luffed up into the wind. I think she would have come round this time; but when we came to "Mainsail haul!" when the yards were nearly square, we could not get them to move another inch.

"What's the matter there, Mr Fraser?" asked the pilot.

"Main-topsail brace foul of the cross-jack yard," called out a hand.

"Up there, and clear it."

"By this time the ship had got stern-way on her, and there was nothing left but to wear her. We brailled up the spanker, shivered the mizzen-topsail, and put up the helm.

"Main-topsail brace all clear," sang out a hand from aloft.

"By this time we had squared the fore-yard, and

hauled down the jib; and as the wind came on the other quarter, we hauled out the spanker.

"Port!" roared the pilot.

"Spanker-sheet foul of the tiller-ropes!" called out the man at the wheel.

"Two or three hands rushed aft, and got the tiller-ropes cleared. The yards were braced, and she luffed up close to the wind; but it was too late; there was a cry of "Breakers ahead!" the ship was caught up by a big sea, and after grating two or three times, went broadside on to the sands!

"All was now noise and confusion. Everything was let go, sheets, halyards, and braces. After some little time, order was restored; the captain took the command, and ordered us to clew up the sails; as to stowing them, that was out of the question. Every time the sea lifted her, the ship bumped back on the sand with a force that made every timber in her crack, and nearly knocked us off our legs. Every two or three minutes, the seas broke over us, and swept the decks fore and aft. At these times, the poor ship rolled over almost on her beam-ends, every timber groaning and creaking like a thing in agony. Every spar buckled, every rope strained, and every minute we expected that the masts and yards would come rattling down upon our heads.

"The night was gloomy and dark, and the north-east wind was piercingly cold. After a time, we got a flare under-weigh, and sent up rockets; and our signals were answered by the light-ships. Apart from our being in such danger, the sight was a grand one. The red light of a tar-barrel illuminated the sea and the heavy clouds above with a crimson glare, the tall masts cutting out black and distinct against the red clouds. We kept the rockets going, and every now and then the light-ships answered. We all sheltered ourselves as well as we could, and waited for daylight. It was somewhere about high-water when the ship struck, and now the tide was ebbing fast; but the vessel still bumped violently. Nevertheless, we all took it to some extent easily. At this time, I do not believe there was a man on board but what thought we should get the ship off at daylight.

"The time passed heavily, four or five hours of anxious suspense, and then the daylight began to appear in the east. As soon as it was fairly light, we eagerly scanned the horizon, to see if assistance was coming; but the morning mists limited our view. There was nothing to be seen but a cold hard sky above, and an angry sea below. We got our breakfast, such as it was, for there was no chance of lighting a fire in the galley. By this time it was dead low-water, and the ship lay easier. It was evident, however, now that we could see the hull of the poor *Indian Chief*, that if the gale continued, she would have to leave her bones in the sand. As soon as the flood began to make, the wind freshened; and from the look of the sky to windward, it was evident that we were in for more than an ordinary gale.

"After breakfast, I went up into the rigging; the morning had now cleared, and I could see the low land trending to leeward, and away to windward a light-ship. As I was looking at her, she fired a gun. I wondered what it was for; and at last I saw a smack running before the wind; she luffed up under the lee of the light-ship and spoke

her. When she had done this, she bore down towards us, dipped her flag, and then stood away to the southwards. What it all meant, I did not know.

'With the rising tide, the gale came on with increased fury; and it soon became a question, not of saving the vessel, but of saving our lives. The sea dashed furiously over us, and the ship began to roll and labour fearfully. Wave after wave struck her, lifting her up, and then letting her fall again with terrific violence.

'All this time, there was no sign of assistance coming. We kept a sharp look-out for anything like a lifeboat, but we saw none. The captain and the mates kept going up into the rigging and sweeping the sea with their glasses; but nothing came in sight; and now hope gave way to despair. I myself had been up in the fore-rigging several times, straining my eyes in all directions. I could not believe that we should be left to perish; but still no help came. At last, away in the distance I saw the smoke of a small steamer. I watched, and waited. She came nearer and nearer; and at last I could see that she had a lifeboat in tow. A great lump rose up in my throat when I saw this, and my heart beat at a terrible rate. I sang out to the men on deck, and told them what I had seen. Somebody went aft, and told them in the deck-house, and all hands came swarming out, to have a look for themselves. At last, when she was a long way off, the lifeboat cast off her tow-rope, set her sails, and bore down towards us. It was a sight I shall never forget, and filled us all with hope and expectation.

'The sea upon the sand was like a boiling caldron; was it possible that the lifeboat could get safe through it? That was the question I asked myself; it never entered my head that she would not try. Several times she stood off and on, waiting, as I thought, for a good chance.

'Meantime, the steamer had put up her helm, and was steaming away towards the land. Then, to my horror, the lifeboat hauled aft her sheets and went after her. It was a cruel sight; and as she receded from my view, my heart sank within me with gloomiest foreboding. I went back into the fore-castle and sat down and buried my face in my hands. That was the bitterest moment I had ever passed, for I felt that our situation was now almost hopeless. I was sitting thus, almost in a state of stupor, when a great wave lifted the ship high in the air; and a second afterwards, she came down with a shock so tremendous that she literally broke her back. We all rushed out, staring about us in stupefied horror.

'Get out the boats!" roared the captain. I believe he was half bewildered, or he would never have thought of launching a boat in such a sea. The men too were beside themselves with terror. It seemed as if they were only now for the first time conscious of the desperate perils that surrounded us. I was quite sure that no boat could live in the tremendous waves that were raging around us; but still it seemed our last chance, and like the rest, I made a frantic rush for the boats. The lashings were cast off, and two boats were lowered; but scarcely had they touched the water, when they were dashed to pieces against the ship's side.

'Meantime, the captain's gig had been got into the water; she was a small boat, and would not

have held anything like half of us. Two hands were put into her, to bale her out. Suddenly, a gigantic sea struck the ship on her quarter; the boat's painter—a new rope thick and strong—snapped off like a pipe-stem; the boat was capsized, and the two poor fellows in her were pitched into the water. They were good swimmers, and for a minute or two they struck out for the ship. Another sea swept round the quarter and drove them back towards the boat, and they disappeared from our view. I thought it was all up with them; but the next minute I saw them struggle up on the boat's bottom. I watched them for some time, as they drifted away and then disappeared. Not a word was spoken. We all stood aghast, dumfounded—our last chance was gone.

'The scene as night came on was terrible indeed. The spectacle of the raging sea was truly terrific; every wave that dashed over the ship shook the masts till they trembled again. The mainmast rocked to and fro in a way that showed whatever might be the fate of the other masts, that at least was doomed. The raging of the gale was awful, and that and the cold struck terror into our hearts.

'After the destruction of the boats, I took shelter in the fore-castle. I was regularly cowed, for the prospect before us was truly appalling. The ship was settling down fast, and every sea now swept right over us, and we saw that very soon there would be nothing left but for us to take to the rigging. I don't mean to say that I thought at this time that there was any chance of my life being saved; but a fancy prompted me to have a good shirt or two to my back; so I put on two new shirts and all my shore-going togs, and one or two others followed my example.

'Just before eight o'clock, a tremendous sea swept the decks fore and aft, and burst right into the fore-castle. We all rushed out, and began to swarm up the rigging. The captain called out to us to come aft, as the foremast was of iron, and if it went by the board, it would sink. But we did not pay any attention to him; that last sea had given us a scare; and so on we went, the pilot, myself, and eight others; and we all managed to get safely into the fore-top.

'In the shelter of the fore-castle, it had been piercing cold; but when we got aloft, it was almost freezing. That cutting, biting north-east wind penetrated to our very marrow; and by the time I got into the top, my hands were so numbed that I could scarcely feel, so that I had some difficulty in lashing myself to the mast. There we sat, ten poor helpless creatures, almost in a state of stupor; but though we were half-frozen, there was none of us so paralysed but that we could fully realise the horrors that surrounded us. The remainder of the crew, together with Captain Fraser, Mr Lloyd the mate, Mr Fraser the second-mate, who was the captain's brother, and a fine young fellow whose name I do not remember—in all, seventeen in number, took to the mizzen-mast; and we could see them lashing themselves in the rigging. The moon had only just entered her first quarter, and even if the sky had been clear, she would not have given us much light. But the night, though fine, was cloudy, and it was only now and then that she peeped out from between the clouds, and cast a sickly gleam upon the troubled sea.

The sight of the raging water beneath us was appalling, but the sounds which met the ear were if anything more so. The wind howled and shrieked, the torn canvas flapped and thundered, the sea roared, and the loose ropes coiled and thrashed the air like whip-lashes.

'When the moon shone out, there was just light enough to show the three gaunt masts sticking up out of the water. Every sea that swept over us made the mainmast rock and oscillate, so that every minute I expected that it would go by the board. It made me cringe again every time it lurched to leeward, because the chances were that when it did so, one of the other masts would follow it. Nobody can tell, and I can't describe what my feelings were as I sat there in the top with nothing but a few shrouds and a frail shaking mast between me and eternity. How the hours passed, I cannot tell. We all sat on, cold and utterly miserable. All that I seemed to care for was, if the end was to come, that it might come quickly. I shut my eyes and prayed; yes, I prayed, and I hope in a fitting spirit. I read once in an old book that the way to teach a man to pray was to send him to sea and let him be shipwrecked. Well, all I can say is, that if a man can't pray to God earnestly with death staring him in the face, as it did me, he is not good for much in this world, and I am sure he is ill prepared for the next. There are a lot of people who scoff at religion and care nothing about God; but let them come and look death in the face as I did, and I fancy they'll tell you rather a different story. In the dire calamity that had befallen me, there was no one I could go to but God. I committed myself entirely into the hand of Him who ruleth the winds and the waves, and asked Him if it was His good pleasure to help me; and after that, I was comforted.

'There was a lot of things I thought about that night that I had not thought about for many a long year. I had never been a really bad fellow, and perhaps had as few errors and follies to answer for as most people of my class; but up in that top there, I found the score marked against me long enough in all conscience. When things go well with us, and we think death is far off, our sins are forgotten almost as soon as they are committed; but when death is certain, or at least appears so to us, it is then that the whole black catalogue rises up before us, and each item appears distinctly before us in a few seconds.

'I had been sitting ever so long looking into myself, as it were, when I opened my eyes and looked up. I was startled by seeing a black object coming down the main-topmast stay. It came nearer and nearer, and at last I could see that it was a man coming down the stay hand over hand. When he reached us, I found it was the mate, Mr Lloyd. "What's the matter, sir?" I asked in a hoarse whisper. "Nothing, my lad, nothing; only I could not rest on the mizzen-mast. Somehow, I seemed to have a warning that it was not safe."

'I made room for him; and then we sat on a long while, silent and motionless. For a time the storm seemed in some measure to abate; but the sky to windward looked black and sullen, and the swell of the vast waves seemed to mock at our frail security. Presently, it grew as dark as pitch, and the gale came swooping down upon

us with tremendous violence. The fury of the waves, as they dashed over the ship, I cannot describe. All at once, there was a fearful crash, followed by cries and shrieks. The main and mizzen masts had both gone by the board. The scene at this juncture baffles description. Utter darkness enveloped the doomed ship, over which the sea broke in tremendous waves, the noise of which and the howling of the wind almost drowned the agonising cries of the men on the fallen mizzen-mast. A minute or two afterwards, a gleam of moonlight shone out from between two clouds, and the scene that it disclosed will ever be engraved on my memory. The mass of wreck to leeward, the struggling forms in the waves, and the frantic cries of distress, I can never forget. It was a heart-rending sight, and the whole period of my life seemed to be concentrated into that one awful moment.

'The revulsion of feeling which followed on this scene of horror, left me in a state of torpor and sluggish indifference which seemed to me to be the precursor of death. I sat for a long time staring stupidly out into vacancy, when all of a sudden, on the top of a sea I saw a light. It vanished almost as soon as I had seen it, so I waited for a second or two, and then I saw it again.

"There's a steamer out there!" I cried, pointing out into the darkness. "I can see her lights."

"Lights!" replied the mate, after he had looked out for some minutes; "I can't see any."

"There! Can't you see it now," I cried, "out on the port quarter?"

"No," replied he despondingly; "I can't see anything."

"Well," muttered a man close to me, "if it is a steamer, she can't help us till daylight; and by that time we shall be food for the fishes, or else frozen to death."

'We sat on thus through that interminable night, now and then seeing the steamer's lights. What it meant, no one knew. At last, the day dawned, and a wild scene lay around us. The sea resembled a mad chaos of water; the portions of the waves that were not white with foam, looked green and angry; and when two cross seas met, they spouted up great jets of foam as high as the cross-trees. As to the poor *Indian Chief*, you never saw a more perfect wreck; the decks were blown up by the force of the in-rushing water, and the hull almost torn to pieces, the timbers started, rent, and twisted—a skeleton of a ship, with little but her ribs left in some places.

'I gazed and gazed about, and at last I saw—Was it true, or was I dreaming? No! it was no dream, for there was a lifeboat close to us, and a steamer in the distance! I shrieked out to my mates: "A lifeboat! a lifeboat!" They all sprang to their feet, as if they had been electrified. We shouted as loud as we could, and I seized hold of a strip of canvas, and waved it wildly. We were all almost mad with excitement. It was to us like a reprieve from death. There was no mistake about this boat; she headed right straight for the ship, never deviating an inch from her course. I knew by instinct that the men that were in her meant to save us. But would she ever get safely through that dreadful sea? It was a noble, but at the same time a painful sight. The

waves were rolling along in all their fury, beating down upon the sands with tremendous force. Several times a huge wave broke right into the boat, and she disappeared from our sight; but she rose again like a duck, shook her wings, and came on again. Once a monster wave came boiling after her like an angry demon, its huge crest curling right over the coxswain's head. It took the boat's stern, and hove it up till the gunwales were almost perpendicular. I dared not breathe, for I thought she must pitch over stern first, and capsize end for end. But no; the next instant she had cleared herself, and was coming right for us.

'By this time, we had reached the deck, and were making our way bit by bit along the lee rails till we reached the quarter. The lifeboat hailed us, telling us to make a line fast to a buoy and cast it out. We threw the buoy as far as we could; and after much trouble, it was picked up, and got on board the lifeboat, and so a line of communication was made. But it was a work of difficulty to get the lifeboat alongside; and when she did, she was tossing and plunging about in a way that made it difficult for us to get into her. Slowly, however, one by one, this was done. While I was waiting my turn, I could not help looking at the wreck of the mizzen-mast, and a sad and painful sight was there; but what was wonderful, there, among the entanglement of masts and gear to leeward, we found the second-mate alive. When I say he was alive, it is as much as I can say, for he was almost insensible, and quite off his head. Poor fellow! I could see from the first that death was upon him; but for all that, though it was a risky thing to shin out on to that mast to get hold of him, it was done; and he was got safely into the boat. It is very easy to say we all got safely into the lifeboat; but when I think of it, it seems marvellous how it was done; but it *was* done, and done gallantly. It was a grand, a noble bit of work; and twelve men were thus rescued from the jaws of death. At last, the steamer was reached, the lifeboat taken in tow, and we steamed away for the North Foreland.

'Our poor second-mate died about half an hour after we left the wreck. We did all that was possible to do for him; but it was of no use. The wonder is not that he died then, but how he lived through that terrible night.

'When the danger was over, and we settled down a little, we found that the men who had rescued us were Ramsgate men, and that the lifeboat and tug belonged to that port. They had come eight-and-twenty miles, and lain by us during the whole of that tempestuous night, on the mere chance of saving us poor sailors. What I say is, that it was a grandly noble deed.

'Of the twenty-nine souls that left Middlesborough in the *Indian Chief*, only eleven reached the land alive. Their names were—William Meldrum Lloyd (chief-mate), James Sanderson (pilot), Malcolm Smith, George Gilmore, George Harris, Andrew Peterson, James Springer, Edward Basham, Charles Gilbert, William Coombs, and Charles Swanson. This last had a most miraculous escape. He was in the mizzen rigging when the mast fell, and was for some hours in water; but at daylight, though his collar-bone was broken, he managed to get back to the ship, and was eventually saved.

'When I look back on the dangers and privations which we all had undergone during that night in the fore-top, and find myself alive and well, it seems like a dream.' T. E. S.

HOW SIMON PEVERITT GOT MARRIED AT LAST.

MASTER WESTLEY, clerk and sexton in the small village of Woodham, was one winter's morning sitting by his cheery fireside, watching alternately the rain, fiercely beating against the latticed window-panes, and the brisk movements of his active little daughter, as she moved to and fro, busy about her household work. Presently she came in, bringing a hat, greatcoat, and umbrella, observing: 'You will be wanting these soon, father. It is nearly eleven o'clock.' She had hardly said this, when a loud knocking was heard at the outer door, followed by the abrupt entrance of a little middle-aged man in a state of great excitement, his face red, his hair rumpled, his boots splashed with mud, and his coat dripping with wet.

'Why, Simon, what on earth's the matter?' said the clerk. 'You don't look much like a bridegroom.'

'Bridegroom! No!' the little man exclaimed with bitter emphasis. 'Master Westley, you'll hev to tell parson I can't get married to-day.'

'Why, how is that?' asked the clerk.

'I can't get Mary up,' quoth the indignant and disappointed lover. 'I've been rattlin' at her door, and throwin' stones at the winder, and shoutin' till I'm as hoarse as a rook; and I'm nearly wet through with the drippings from the husens [the eaves of the house]; but I can't get she up. She only jest put her head out of winder for a minute, to tell me 'twor no good for me to stand hocketting [making a great noise] there; for she'd never take the trouble to put on her best things, and go out in that powerin' rain jest to marry me.'

'Why, Sim! this is rather a bad beginning for people about to marry—isn't it? I'm afraid the gray mare will be the best horse in your team—won't she?' said the kindly old clerk, with a merry twinkle in his knowing brown eyes. 'However, I'd better go and tell Mr Howard, or he will be putting his surplice on for nothing. Shall I say to him that perhaps the wedding may come off to-morrow, if the weather is finer, and Mary will get up in time?'

'If she don't,' vowed Sim, glaring vengefully, 'she shall never hev another chance. I'm fairly sick of her tricks. We've been keeping company this twenty year and more, and now she don't know her own mind a bit better than a mawther [young girl] in her teens. But I won't stand it no longer. She ain't going to treat me like a dog, or a mat for her to wipe her feet on. There's Widow Biggs would hev me any day, and *glad*; and a nice comfortable woman she is too! The wedding-ring shan't lie long in my pocket for want of a wearer. And there, Master Westley,' said poor Sim, almost in tears over his frustrated plans and disappointed hopes, 'I'd meant this to hev been a reglar jolly day. I'd got in a barrel of beer, and a spare-rib of pork, and we wor going to hev parsties and frawns [pancakes], and a mort of good things beside, to make a reglar spree of it;

and now, it's all knocked on the head, and everybody knows I'm made a fool of into the bargain.'

'Cheer up, Sim!' said Master Westley. 'It is aggravating, I'll own; but Mary isn't a bad sort, though she has rather a cruggy [crusty] temper. She has been very true to you; and it would be a pity for two such faithful lovers as you've been, to part over a little tiff at last. I believe Mary is jealous of the little widow. You know people did say once that you were rather soft on her.'

'It was a big story!' burst out Sim. 'She tried to hook me; but I never gave her no encouragement.'

'Didn't you walk with her from church last Sunday? I heard that you did, and carried little Joey all the way home; and kissed him when you put him down at his mother's door.'

'Well, he axed me to give him a kiss, so I couldn't do no otherwise. There wor no harm in that, sewerly.'

'Certainly not. Only, you see, as Mary lives just opposite, and saw it all, she very likely thought you'd be better engaged kissing her, instead of hanging round the widow's door. Depend upon it, she's jealous; and she's got a highful spirit of her own, and is acting like this to make you think she doesn't care whether she has you or no. If she thought there was real danger of losing you, she'd come round in a minute, as tractable as you like.'

'But how can I make her think so?'

'Well, you won't be doing any work to-day, and it's dull tiffing [idling] about doing nothing. Take and brush yourself up smart, and go and have a chat with Mrs Biggs. Take some oranges and sweets for Joey. Don't look at Mary's house; and mind and make a grand show of petting and kissing the boy in front of the window, where she can see it all. She'll be more jealous than ever. But if she doesn't marry you to-morrow, I'll eat my head.'

'Ah, Master Westley, you're a deep one, you are!' said Simon, regarding his astute adviser with admiration. 'But it don't fare to be ezackerly jonnick [straightforward] to dew so; and I ain't fond of smarmin' babies over with kisses. Still, if you think it'll bring Mary up to the scratch, I'll e'en try it. If it don't, marry Sukey I will, without any more shilly-shallying.'

Master Westley then started for the rectory; and Sim paid his visit to the widow. He remained in her snug little house some time; and must have acted his part uncommonly well, for he had hardly reached home again, when he was visited by his old sweetheart. That eccentric spinster, ignoring her own wayward conduct that day, attacked Sim with a storm of reproaches, accusing him of fickleness and falseness in forsaking her for 'that sly, carneying, little widder; and after keeping company with me for so many years!' she plaintively added.

'No,' said Sim stoutly; 'twor no fault o' mine. I was ready to do my part this morning. It was you as run word. But I'll eat humble-pie no longer. If you don't want to hev me, I know one as does. I'll marry you to-morrow, if you like. If you don't, I'll never ax you again!'

Mary was a tall, black-eyed, comely looking spinster of forty or more, reputed to have a hot temper and a shrewish tongue; but for once she

kept both in check. It was evident that Simon meant to be trifled with no longer. Moreover, she could not help secretly admitting that he was right, and admiring his spirit and manly determination. It would never do to let so good a fellow and so faithful a lover fall a prey to a designing widow—not to mention the humiliation she would have to endure!

Next morning, the rain-clouds had cleared off, and a bright sun poured its rays through the old church windows upon Mr and Mrs Simon Peveritt as they walked from the altar-rails into the vestry, to enter their names in the parish register. Sim, with a broad grin on his face, laboriously executed a big black X as 'his mark,' informed the rector that he was 'a sawyer by trade,' and that his 'owd gal had been of age this twenty year!' after which he turned to his friend the clerk, with a knowing wink, and said in an under-tone: 'We did it well between us, didn't we! Mary was up at six this morning, and hed to wait for me! I've got the whip-hand, to begin with; and I promise you I won't give up the reins agin.' Then he added in a louder tone, as they were about to leave: 'Now, Master Westley, you must come and help we eat the wedding-dinner. The pork and apple-sass will be none the worse for waiting a day; and my Missus and me 'ull make you as welcome as flowers in May. There won't be happier folks in Woodham. And, Master Westley, you shall hev some of the finest logs in my timber-yard, to keep up your fires this winter. I'm not the man to forget a good turn or an old friend.'

ONLY.

JEWELS flashing in the air,
Presents meet for kings who wear
Diadems:
Only dewdrops on the leaves,
Which the wand'ring fancy weaves
Into gems.

Fairy palace, tree-infolded,
In the lines of beauty moulded,
Bright and fair:
Only sun-glints which are streaming
Through the painted windows, seeming
Rich and rare.

Sounds of wings celestial wheeling
Through the heavens, and voices pealing
On the breeze:
Only evening which is falling,
And the feathered songsters calling
In the trees.

Till Phœbus in his beauty brings
The gold-tipped Morning on his wings
A-gleaming:
And the many-hued creation
Sets the Soul's imagination
A-dreaming.

Southport.

DAVID R. AITKEN.

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